

PS
3545
W1546y

A
0
0
1
2
4
7
8
3
2
7



U.S. SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACULTY

YOUTH

BY

J. H. WALLIS



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

GIFT OF

Mrs. George Gore

Y O U T H

By

J. H. WALLIS



Boston

RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press

1907

Copyright 1907, by J. H. Wallis

All rights reserved

The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

PS

3545

W1546y

DEDICATION

To My Mother

*To you I owe much of my being
And most of my heart
That throbs with the feelings my fancy
Has clothed in this costume of art.
There are those that are common to many
And potent to injure or bless;
And these let all know of, but others
We dare not express.*

*The years that are age's creators
And death's harbingers
Are strong with an equal dominion
In your heart and my heart and my verse.
But those who are numb unto sorrow
Are weaker and poorer by far,
And so we would not have us other
Than such as we are.*

CONTENTS

<i>Youth</i>	9
<i>Youth and Fame</i>	10
<i>The Yearning of Youth</i>	11
<i>Youth and Age</i>	13
<i>Youth Compares Himself with Age</i>	17
<i>Youth's a Stuff will not Endure</i>	18
<i>Love's Altar</i>	19
<i>Snares</i>	20
<i>A Visitor</i>	21
<i>Two Lovers</i>	22
<i>The Widower</i>	23
<i>The New America</i>	25
<i>Iowa</i>	29
<i>The City</i>	31
<i>Heaven</i>	33
<i>Our Creation</i>	36
<i>New Year's Eve</i>	39
<i>Song to Maia</i>	40
<i>Summer</i>	41
<i>The Flux of Things</i>	43
<i>The Poet</i>	44

YOUTH

YOUTH

I exult in what age cannot grieve,
I am filled with what time cannot tire:
Unboundable power to achieve,
Unreachable goals to inspire.
In my boundless control over things,
In my limitless reach of desire
I am equal with conquerors and kings —
I am youth, I am life, I am fire!

I awake to the scope of my being —
All is sudden and endless and new;
My work is too vast for the seeing,
But I know what my effort can do.
Where are armies that I cannot lead them ?
Where are foes that would dare me to strife ? —
The sword and the cannon shall feed them.
I am fire, I am youth, I am life!

Obeisance ? — my power will command it
To the mandate I bear in my strife.
With the sizzling of fire I will brand it,
I will seal it with letters of life.
And its end will be like its beginning:
“ Bow down to the progress of truth.”
And the world is too small for the winning —
I am life, I am fire, I am youth!

YOUTH AND FAME

World, wrinkled world, while I am young grant
fame.

While I can taste the fruit of my desire
Light on each hill a leaping signal fire;
Yea, let thy vassal hills in fire proclaim
Across the lands the blazing of my name.

Grant laurel crowns and jewelled and golden
wire

That I may fling them at Her feet entire
While on her cheeks the blood burns like a
flame.

When life's low fire glows a dull ashy red,
And earth I count of little worth or wit,
Fame may be mine when fame's desire is fled,
When I am old and do not care for it;
And she who was to wear my crowns and sit
A queen — who knows? — perhaps she may
be dead.

THE YEARNING OF YOUTH

Before I am tied to a city,
Or smile by the side of a wife,
I must look on earth's riches and secrets
To feed my keen craving of life.
I must sail to the ends of the ocean,
And gaze on the faces of kings,
In the land of the morning and evening
I must look on strange things.

Across the hot sands of Sahara
In the train of the slow caravan
I shall follow the craving that leads me,
That stirs in the youth of a man.
The anger of heat and of sunlight,
The jargon of alien speech
For my eyes and my ears will be feeding
Of the hunger of each.

From the realm where the heat is eternal
To the kingdoms of mountains of cold,
With Danger and Death for my comrades
I shall seek some red battle of old.
Beyond the last flag of our nations,
Beyond the dominion of steam,
Where the Great King was conquered or captured
Is the land of my dream.

I would tread where has trod Alexander,
In the secreted heart of the East,
I would taste all its sweets and its sorrows,
In its rites I would be as a priest.
I would learn of its wonders and riches
Of fabrics and diamonds and pearls,
I would gaze on its age-hidden secrets
And the graces of girls.

The red grapes of joy and of pleasure,
The blood, red and streaming, of strife,
The poison of anguish and sorrow,
Will fill the rich cup of my life.
All sounds and all tastes and all colors
And motions, are part of my goal,
And feelings and passions and dreamings
Are food for my soul.

And all this will be like the music
That adds to the spirit that hears,
Or like words that are heard and forgotten
(Enriching the days and the years).
The earth is my vassal to serve me,
The flesh is my servant to feed,
And the nations I hold in a thralldom
For my wishes or need.

YOUTH AND AGE

Youth

I am tense with the glory of living,
Filled with forces of life as they are;
My goal is the end of creation,
And my guidance a star.

I am trembling with numberless longings,
I am eager for labors that lure,
Though my mind seeks the world for a conquest
My strength will endure.

Age

I near the end of my journey —
The end of the journey is pain.
My goal is clay of the graveyard,
My guide is a cane.

Youth

I have gazed on the white beams of heaven
And have laughed at the wonders of earth,
For my friends are the stars in their courses,
And the world is my mirth.
And all things are tools for my using
Or the ministers of my desire,
For the earth and the air are my servants
And the water and fire.

Age

Beyond the nebulae forming
I have travelled in torment, my friend;
I have gazed on the earth and its wonders,
And have thought of the end.
My eyes are hollow with seeing,
My lips are silent with awe,
For I cannot forget where I travelled —
Nor tell what I saw.

Youth

To delve in the mysteries hidden,
Unhindered by ages of awe,
The truth to discover unbidden —
Then to tell what I saw —
This is part of the scope of my purpose
That the nations may cringe at my name,
And the rocks and the rivers and cities
Quiver with fame.

Age

Our blasts that sound so boldly
On the headland heights of fame
Are as creaking of the crickets
In the roar of a flame.
Yea, the name for which you struggle,
On the giddy wheel of time
Is like dust before the whirlwind,
Or a lost rime.

I know that no mortal endureth,
Not the true nor the just nor the great;
We are but the toys of the ages
And the puppets of fate.

Youth

Nay! one thing can fate annul never,
Nor can the ages destroy;
One thing endureth forever
Neither puppet nor toy.
When the flare of the suns is in ashes
And the thunder of planets above
Is ended, one thing will be living,
And that is love!

She has given that life to my spirit
That a thousand deaths cannot slay,
The rusting of years cannot wear it,
Nor time take away;
She has given the glory of living
Since I knew that my breath is her breath,
That I feel contempt for the ages
And pity for death!

Age

The words of youth are like torches
That flare and at midnight decay,
The thoughts of youth are like shadows
That night takes away.

The bolts that you thundered so surely
In your clamorous volley of breath
Are like raindrops that strive with the ocean
On the armor of death.

The passion of youth is nothing
That death takes reckoning of,
And fate is not stayed for a woman
And all of her love.

For me a friend is my choosing.
In my respite while death still delays
I seek out some lonely old comrade
And talk of old days.

My glory of life is departed
Like a shadow that night takes away,
I shiver afraid of the highest,
With fear in the way.

My eyes are turned backward from seeing,
My lips are silent with awe,
For I dare not reflect on my journey,
Nor see what I saw.

YOUTH COMPARES HIMSELF WITH AGE

I am young and full of dreams —
Dreams of honor, wisdom, doubt,
Love wherein all gladness seems —
What has age to dream about?

All my thoughts are things to come:
Deeds all great and strange and new,
Yearnings leading far from home —
What strange things has age to do?

If she will be mine some day —
Helen, Grace, or Rosalys —
Greater sweet would no man pray —
What red lips has age to kiss?

All my joys are yet to be;
His can never be, he knows,
Having been, He has to see
Only what can death disclose.

YOUTH'S A STUFF WILL NOT ENDURE

Kiss me tonight, dear, while we're young
And the love-light shines through your happy
tears;
Ask no delays, for the knell's soon rung,
And where shall we be in a hundred years?

Nobody will ask to kiss you then,
Nobody will say that your smile endears;
Millionaires, servant-maids, beggar-men
Will walk on your grave in a hundred years.

I shall not ask to kiss you then.
I shall be dead, and my mind that fears
And my heart that longs will be nothing when
The circuit is run of a hundred years.

Kiss me tonight, dear, while you can;
Love me the more ere the dark day nears
When the horror comes o'er the soul of a man.
Where shall we be in a hundred years?

LOVE'S ALTAR

The incense of Love's sacrifice is sweet
When everyone doth bring his offering,
And blushful lovers join in worshiping,
Singing the songs through ancient usage meet.
Who heeds the sound of toiling in the street,
Or turns his steps to dusty wayfaring?
Song upon song! It is a priceless thing
To place a votive offering at Love's feet.

Ceaseless the gifts that pile Love's altar high —
Richest of all the heart hath choices of;
Yea, the sweet savor trailing lightly by
Is ever-burning life-blood true enough,
For charred and dead upon Love's altar lie
Life's dearest things but one — and that
one love.

SNARES

Hair spun of spider-gold,
Lips one would die to kiss,
Will it be held amiss
Should I be overbold ?

Caught in the spider's thread
Who holds the fly to blame ?
Should there to me be shame
By spider-beauty led ?

Eros hath smitten me
By that heart-bow, thy mouth.
Thirsty from Love's long drouth
I seek my well in thee.

A VISITOR

My life will be little without her,
Without her my strength will decay,
For the spirit of love is about her
And that is my power and my stay;
My purpose will fail and hope sicken
When she is gone away.

The flower and the flower-leaf
Will wither in the grass,
The oat-sheaf and the barley-sheaf
Will mold as the rains pass,
And the golden-rod will come to grief
With all the wealth it has.

She is pure as the air of the mountains
To the traveller at rest,
And cool as the spray of fountains
When the heat is bitterest,
Or as winds across the waters
When the sun is in the west.

TWO LOVERS

Her cheeks are the silvery pink that lies
In shells, her eyes are heavenly blue,
Her mouth is sweet with modesties,
Her hair is sun and shadow too.

His deep-set eyes look straight before
Half-dreamily, seeing future things,
His limbs are strong with the strength of four,
His head is royal, like a king's.

It is great bliss for them to sit
And kiss beneath the maple trees,
To feel each other's heart-beats flit
Is sweet as life can be to these.

To speak one's highest thoughts with ease,
To touch, to see one's worshiper,
To kiss beneath the maple trees,
Is very sweet to him and her.

THE WIDOWER

He married her and then she died.

His flower was broken by the wind;
The sweetest flower in the world wide
Was crushed and left no seed behind.

Because he did so worship her
And could not part with all his love,
He laid her not where others were
But buried her in his own grove.

Beneath the trees where they had talked
And trembled at each other's kiss,
Below the ground where she had walked
He laid what love and joy were his.

As she had been his own in life
He thought of her as his when dead.
Though she was now a dumb, cold wife,
Her house he often visited.

Once as he touched her grave he said,
“Sweet, silent one, you do not hear
While on this mound I lay my head
And speak of all your goodness, dear.

I know that crushed on fate's quick wheel,
Sweet, silent one, there is no you,
But I would give even life to feel
That what some people say is true:

That I shall meet you as you were
With that strange sweetness that you had,
Your hair that made my heart to stir,
And your clean smile that made me
glad.

Thinking how sweet she was to touch,
How sweet to kiss and sit beside,
His mind went wandering over-much
And he forgot that she had died.

He tried to kiss her lips, to say
In thought, some name he used to call,
But something always barred the way —
He seemed to strike against a wall.

He tried to gain some certain hold
On this strange thing that barred him
thus —
He vaguely felt his cheek was cold
And knew that there the trouble was.

That cold touch brought him back to life,
And made him quake in heart and limb;
He knew he had a grave to wife
And many lights were dark to him.

THE NEW AMERICA

Our country, bound with bands of steel
From ocean shore to ocean shore,
Thou art how glorious and how real —
Like nothing earth has seen before.

In blood and battle thou wert born
To stretch thy name across the earth;
From heaven full many a star was torn
In the dark evening of thy birth.

But many a storm is weathered now
And many a foe is laid to rest —
Green laurels deck thy still-green brow
And life still surges in thy breast.

— Still young to make the world go round,
To bear the thrusts and turns of fate;
Still flushed to make the lands resound
With life and zeal intemperate!

Without the lure of ancient days
But greater than the dead past brings,
You roll upon your giant ways
Above the wrecks of dusty kings.

What were the ancient great that blazed
In colored pomp that flamed like the sun
To this where liberty hath raised
A hundred nations into one?

How would their gods of battle class
With thine? Thine iron ships would glide
Through triremes as through broken glass,
Thy guns would soil the phalanx' pride.

The treasures that the Great King lost
At Susa and Persepolis
Were baubles to the giant cost
That makes one city what it is.

In ancient art and polities
Let Pedant of the dome-like brow
Declare a greater glory lies —
No one believes such nonsense now.

For all the honored past has wrought
In sculptured stone and lofty rime
And lordly heritage of thought
Is part of this, the present time.

We are the heirs of all the years;
And thou, the latest land and last,
A-throb with deeds and aims and fears,
Art chiefest heir of all the past.

And now among the great of earth
What nation dares thy fury feel,
Or questions of thy greater worth,
Or dares to test thy grip of steel?

Thy power is feared on shore and main,
In every land, on every sea;
Across the world and back again
Is not enough for thine and thee.

But now no land fears thunderous guns
Or fields of men or iron boats
Of thine or any other one's —
Thy power of wealth is at their throats.

For now no land would dare despise
Thy food or men, or dare express
A limit to thine enterprise;
And seas have found thee limitless.

Where ghosts of bloody galleons ride
And fearful shade imploreh shade,
In peaceful power thy flag floats wide,
Thy mighty steamships ply in trade.

Thus thou hast bound the world about
With chains that wealth will weld complete,
And time will bid thy power spread out
To bring the nations to thy feet.

From greater heights to greater heights,
The past and present to transcend,
Thy glory leaps like leaping lights,
And no one now can see the end.

IOWA

No towering cities million-souled
Blacken the beauty of thy plain,
Or bind thine heart with links of gold
Or curse of pleasure and of pain.

The sneer of wealth and vice and pride
That marks the vulgar millionaire,
The foreign faces torture-tried
And fierce with hate are otherwise.

Across thy fields the sweet winds blow
And the red evening sunbeams shine;
Thine is the joy of things that grow,
The pureness of the earth is thine.

The cattle in thine endless fields,
Thy good grain grown in sun and shower
To the rich crop the harvest yields,
Are to the nations food and power.

Across the lands the steam cars go,
Across the seas the great ships glide
To melting rock and solid snow,
And thou art safely stored inside.

To snatch the dying from the grave —
The living corpses famine-gnawed —
For this you haste o'er land and wave —
No land too far, no sea too broad.

In alien lands the hungry strain
With dying flesh against the death;
The blessing of thy golden grain
Is their strong shield that conquereth.

Let no man say thou hast not pride —
Thou hast the pride that wisdom would:
The schoolhouse on the valley-side
And health and homes and brotherhood.

The honest pride in honest worth
Is thine, not pride in wealth or ease —
Is not the strength to till the earth
And feed the world, better than these?

Give some the sick unrest that comes
With homeless golden wretchedness,
For thee a hundred thousand homes
And wider hearts that love and bless.

THE CITY

Here are the seats of the mighty
Fashioned for men as they are —
Thunder and smoke of the railroad,
Roar of the overhead car,
Streets overcrowded with faces,
Clanging of hammer and steel,
Stench of the street and the station,
Whir of the automobile.

We have builded it higher than Babel,
We have hollowed it under the earth,
We have wrought it as mortal is able
For the glory of man and his mirth.
On the fruits of the earth he is feasted
In the flare of the giant hotel,
Through the flesh of the earth on the subway
He is hurried unerringly well.

Built by the sweat of his labor,
Wrought out of iron and fire,
This is complete with whatever
Man can devise or desire.
Bought by his soul or his money
Are pleasure and power and strife,
Where vice is the partner of virtue
And death is the comrade of life.

In the day the true sunlight is withered
To a gray from the pureness of white,
In the night this is wrapped in the garment
Of a fiery pink haze of light.
Like nothing that ever existed
In far-away ages or place,
We have fashioned this city of wonders
For the glory and shame of the race.

HEAVEN

Harps in heaven would not please,
Throbbing all the new day long,
Nor the strains of angel-song
Chanting of the deity's

Wisdom, power and majesty;
If I find my heaven, I,
Passing all this grandeur by,
Know what I will have it be:

Near a stream where water wells
Over sunlit sand and stone,
One girl walking all alone
In a field of asphodels.

—Like a lily not of earth
Growing at the gates of dawn
Where a kinder sun has shone
Since the glory of its birth.

—Like a lily tall and rare
Swaying in a scented wind,
Making all the earth seem kind.
Making all the earth seem fair.

It will stop my heart to see
How she stoops to pick the flowers,
While the changeless heaven-hours
Float away in ecstasy.

I shall kiss her cool red lips;
Where the grass is warm and sweet
I shall lay me at her feet
While her trembling finger-tips

Trace sweet mazes in my hair,
Wreathe the flowers in her own.
Heavy crown or bulky throne
Will not mar our pleasure there.

To my sweetheart I shall say,
“Let us think no more of those
Who on earth were friends or foes —
Here is duty gone away.”

To me will my sweetheart say,
“In this field of shining flowers
Let us taste the present hours —
Here is memory gone away.”

To my sweetheart I shall say,
“Here where lovely waters glide
Through green pastures sanctified
Circumstance has lost its way.”

To me will my sweetheart say,
“Think no more of time or change,
Let your heart in gladness range—
Here has death been driven away,

Though as sweet as life can be,
On the earth our love was brief.
Here in rest and sweet relief
We can love eternally.”

OUR CREATION

Beyond the whirl of the planets,
 In the outer dark,
Where never a sun-ray enters
 Or a star-spark—
There is no food for the senses
 In that far place,
No matter, no motion, and therefore
 No time, no space.

Shot like an arrow onward
 Swifter than light,
Thousands of light-years outward
 Into the night,
Into the place of the silence,
 The cold and the dark,
Would we could go past the sun-ray
 And the star-spark.

—Just you and I — two lovers —
 Beyond all space,
When time is lost in the nothing
 Of that far place!
There we should form a creation,
 Out of nothing the real;
The failures of earth we should banish
 To create the ideal.

At the first the cold and the darkness
And the shudder of night
We should change to the flaming of colors
And the glory of light.
And we should make sound as of music,
Now heard and now mute,
And odors of flowers and of perfumes
And taste of sweet fruit.

We should create an island
In a gold sea
Where the winds were scented of roses
And the waves in glee
Threw up their bright yellow waters
On the golden sands,
Where the sky and the trees and the colors
Were the work of our hands.

And you would choose the day-tints
And I the night,
And each might be green or yellow
Or red or white,
And the night might be one of December
And the day June's,
And the light of the sun might be purple
And green the moon's.

There where no foes could unbind us
Or fate bid us part
We should join all the wonder of nature
With the pleasure of art.
The years could not give us to sorrow,
Nor death bid us die,
Nor chance by an evil tomorrow
Wring forth a cry.

Thus in our own creation
Either shifting or still,
Where space and time and sensation
Were the works of our will,
Beyond the realm of the sun-ray
And the threat of the night
We should live in a love everlasting
And the freedom of might.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

This night of all each watcher pondereth
On that fell gift that many New Years
bring:
The grave — and thinks even as the chime-
bells ring

Thousands of men are giving up the breath.
Thousands of men like you and me, he saith,
Dying tonight, and more at vanishing
Of night will die, at noon, at evening—
And thus each day till all of us meet death.

Yea, but the early light of morrow-morn
How many thousand new-born souls will
see!
And all the destined days bear toward the
goal
The mighty millions of the yet unborn,
The truer, stronger, better race to be,
For which the tireless ages roll and roll.

SONG TO MAIA

(From *in Modern Times*)

Queen of the earth and of the year,
Tender-eyed Maia, art thou here
 To fill all men with breath of spring,
To dry with sun the crocus' tear,
 And stir the leaves with gladdening?

Thy breath is of anemonies
And cool to nostrils quick to seize;
 Thy dress like Dian's gold and green
Is filled with ripples of the breeze
 And scent of earth and evergreen.

The birds are happy thralls to you
And sing thy praise the whole day through,
 Admitting need and love of thee;
The brown fields take thy color too
 In token of their loyalty.

Through thee men lose their care and fear,
Leave Winter's woe-debts in arrear,
 And all take thee a youthful bride;
Thou giv'st them strength to live the year
 In joy of spring and summer-tide.

SUMMER

The world is old but beauty dwells in it
 Just as in long-forgotten centuries,
There is no change but that our little wit
Wags of itself until our reverence sleeps.
Still every morn the new-born wonder peeps,
 O'er the fresh hills or over sparkling seas
 Red with the death of deathless deities,
Still the sweet summer winds upon their way
 Shake the bright leaves the whole long sum-
 mer through,
Still in the lap of Earth the lazy Day
 Lolls half-asleep and overtired to woo,
Yet must he kiss her golden-shining hair
And tell her through the years she still is fair,
 As ages gone has been his wont to do.

This afternoon it seemed the very sun
 Weary of turning rested half an hour,
Yea, the lost hope of many a buried one
 I thought had come to summer—deathless
 dower,
It seemed the middle of eternity
 And that no thing would ever come to end;
Not a leaf shook on any tremulous tree,
The shadows moved not on the slumbering grass,

Only one clear, sweet bell, time's constant friend,
Throbbed for the weary hours that would not pass.

Tonight the hornèd moon is gold ablaze
With one gold star beside her in the skies;
It is a night when all the wandering ways
Of woodland are enchanted; in the leaves
Pan is abroad, and by the bright fireflies
The dryads dance as everyone believes
Who sees the satyrs on the reedy plain
And Daphne turn from wood to girl again,
Or hears the wind-gods' whispered secracies.

THE FLUX OF THINGS

Whereto shall we cling, we weak mortals,
For nature commands us to cling
To something that stirs not nor crumbles
Nor flees with mercurial wing;
But all things are shifting, are shifting
As the rain to the sun to the rain,
And only the sureness of shifting
Is sure to remain.

Strong rock that is shattered and sundered,
Strong ship that is sunk in the seas,
Strong building that lieth in ruin —
What faith can we fasten to these?
Strong joy that is slave unto sorrow,
Strong life that is vassal to death,
You are shifting and weak and uncertain
As the dying's breath.

Strong soul that was born with a purpose,
Let us see how you bear the world's swing,
You are shifting as seasons are shifting
From the spring to the winter to spring.
The sun giveth place unto darkness,
Nor knoweth a purpose or goal,
And changes give place unto changes
In the shifting soul.

THE POET

The lone heights of Parnassus mount
Are mine, and mine the bowers of love,
An mine is the Castalian fount
With all the fame and power thereof.

For some are fierce in battle-strife,
And some are warm in virtue curled,
And some are great in righteous life—
But it is mine to rule the world!

For who can stir the hearts of men,
And who can shake the seats of bliss,
Has gained the great dominion—
The lordship of the world is his.

My song can boom of battle-rage
And whirl the weapons of the brave
A sun-baked conquest-pilgrimage
O'er treacherous land and alien wave.

Or soft as breeze in summer trees
Of sighing love my verses sing,
And I can make with tricks as these
A million lovers clasp and cling.

'Tis mine to sing of desperate kiss
And throbbing breast and passionate sighs
And all the sweet devotedness
Of wistful lips and thoughtful eyes.

None can escape my reaching rule—
The dead man's friend disconsolate,
The school-boy in the grammar-school,
The emperor in his palace-gate.

None can escape my pinionings —
The husband when the birth-time nears,
The wife that at the cradle sings,
The babe that in the cradle hears.

The blacksmith with his white-hot bands
Is mine in singing at the forge,
With sighs and songs in conquered lands
I rule the victims and the scourge.

The old man dying faintly leans
To hear a song rememberèd
Of youth and all that youth-time means.
None can escape me—save the dead.



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-32m-8, '57 (C8680s4) 444

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

PS Wallis -
3545 Youth
W1546y

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 001 247 832 7

PS
3545
W1546y

